Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.
His Oration to his Armie.
What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey pesants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Drawe

Draw archers draw, your arrowes to
Spur your proud horses hard, and rid
Amaze the welkin with your broke
What saies lord Stanley, will he brin
Mes. My lord, he doth denie to co
King. Off with his sonne George
Nor. My lord, the enemie is past t
After the battaile let George Stanle
King. A thousand harts are great
Aduance our standards, set vpon our
Our ancient word of courage fare sa
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie
Vpon them, victorie sits on our hel
Alarum, excursions, Enter
Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffo
The king enacts more wonders the
Daring an opposite to euerie dange
His horse is slaine, and all on foote h
Seeking for Richmond in the throat
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is
Enter Richar
Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdo
Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile hel
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpo
And I will stand the hazard of the d
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds i
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmon
slain, then retrait being sounded. En
ring the crowne, with other Lords, &
Ri. God and your armes be prais
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is
Dar. Couragious Richmond, we
Loe here this long vsurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloud
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy brow
Weare it, enioy it, and make much